

# The Janesville Daily Gazette.

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JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1881.

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NUMBER 21

## Judicial Ticket.

For Chief Justice of the Supreme Court—**ORNSAMUS COLE.**

For Associate Justice of the Supreme Court—**JOHN B. CASSIDAY.**

For Judge Municipal Court for term commencing June, 1881.

**L. F. PATTEN.**

**AMOS P. PRICHARD.**

With our "advancing civilization," the greed for office does not diminish.

It has finally been settled that President Garfield's plurality over Hancock is 3,722.

The latest advices from Washington show that Garfield still holds the fort, and that Conkling is not President.

There are five public offices created by the new law changing the management of the State institutions, and for these five positions there are a hundred applicants.

A man in Milwaukee wanted a little cheap notoriety (he is a newspaper man) and so he treated a friend to some beer, allowed himself arrested, and will test the constitutionality of the anti-treating law in the courts.

The appropriation made by the Legislature for current expenses for the Institution for the blind, is \$15,000, only \$500 less than the amount asked for by the board of trustees. While the appropriations for the other State institutions have been cut down in some cases one-third below that asked for, it speaks volumes for the management of the Institution for the blind, that the amount requested by the trustees, has been cut down only \$500.

The well known case of Miss Alice A. Early, of Rockford, against the Chicago Times for wilful defamation of character, has probably reached its end. This suit was begun about five years ago for \$50,000 damages. At one trial she received \$15,000. Storey made a retraction, and offered to settle on liberal terms. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court and the judgment set aside. The next trial resulted in Miss Early getting \$2,500, and Storey offered her \$1,500 as a compromise. She refused this and another appeal was taken. The last suit ended on Friday, when the jury gave Miss Early only \$500. This is a victory for Storey as Mr. Early has spent thousands of dollars in prosecuting the case, and gets only \$500.

The Legislature will have an interesting time on Monday, when Henry C. Sloan, the Democratic member from Appleton, will give the reasons in a speech why he proposes to abandon the Democratic party and become a Republican. On Friday morning while in the Assembly, he created a "little sensation by giving notice that he would on that day tell the members why he would no longer act with the Democrats. The speech was applauded and took the Democrats by surprise. Mr. Sloan is a son of Hon. A. Scott Sloan, of Beaver Dam, and is a young man of excellent intelligence and much promise. He lives in a strong Democratic district, and last fall, was elected to the Assembly by a vote of 4,088, only 82 votes being cast against him. His speech next Monday will be read with much interest, as he is able to give some powerful reasons why a man of intelligence should not be a Democrat.

The Legislature will adjourn on Monday, the 4th of April. The session began on Wednesday the 13th of January, which will make the present session eighty-three days in length, much longer than any session since 1857, when it was 93 days. The length of the sessions for the past twelve years, is given as follows:

Year.	Days.	Year.	Days.
1870	75	1876	91
1871	74	1877	92
1872	77	1878	91
1873	75	1879	92
1874	78	1880	93
1875	82	1881	93

The Madison Democrat says this is a bad record for the Legislature of 1881. But the Democrat will not take into account the amount of business done before the Legislature, neither will it be fair enough to consider the delay occasioned by too animated senatorial contests which come during the session. There was more heavy work before the Legislature this year than for many years past, and the important question which confronted that body had to receive careful consideration. This was done, and hence a long session which was inevitable.

## THE COLD WEATHER AND SNOW BLOCKADES OF 1880-1.

The winter of 1880 and '81 will long be remembered for the intensely cold weather, the deep snow, furious storms, and railway blockades. The winter was not colder than that of 1875, but there have been more blinding storms, deeper snow, and a longer winter, than have been known since the memorable winter of 1842-3 of which we wrote a few days ago. The cold weather of the present winter began early in November, and on the 21st of that month, the thermometer stood 19 degrees below zero in the morning. On the 23d, it went to zero, and during the balance of the month, it ranged from 6 to 38 degrees above. In December there were nine days when the thermometer went below zero, the coldest day being the 24th, when the mercury marked 18 degrees below, and on the morning of

the 29th it stood 16 degrees below, and remained at 10 degrees below all day. Snow fell the 7th of December, but not enough to bring out the sleighs, and on the 23d there occurred another light snow fall, which barely covered the ground.

During the month of January there were twelve days in which the thermometer stood below zero. The coldest of these days were the 10th, when the thermometer stood at from 30 to 42 degrees below, and the 14th, when the indication was 28 below. The first snow in January occurred on the 13th when four or five inches fell and which was badly drifted, but not enough to blockade the railways. It snowed nearly all day on Saturday, January 23d, and though there was a pretty high wind, the fall did not materially interfere with the running of trains. On the day following, it snowed lightly during most of the day, but there was no drifting of the snow of any consequence.

In the month of February, there were four days when the thermometer stood below zero, the coldest being the 25, when the mercury indicated 14 in the morning; and the next coldest day was the 19th when it stood 11 below.

**THE FIRST BLOCKADE.**  
The first storm of the winter which completely blockaded the railways and created a general suspension of business, began on Friday evening, February 11th. The fall of snow was exceedingly heavy during the following 30 hours, and a high wind blew from the north. The storm was perfectly blinding, and the snow was piled in drifts in every direction. No trains departed from or arrived at Janesville on that day. The trains on both the Northwestern and the Milwaukee and St. Paul which were caught out were in a confused condition. Sunday being clear, both companies put on heavy forces, and on Monday, the 14th, trains were again running on time.

**THE SECOND BLOCKADE.**  
On Saturday, the 20th of February, it began to rain, and during the afternoon and evening the fall was very heavy, which continued till Sunday morning. At eight o'clock it began to snow, and the wind blew with almost terrific force, until after midnight on Monday morning. There seemed to be a contest between the snow and the wind as to which should be master of the situation. On Monday the storm gave way, and clear weather followed. All trains were suspended, none arriving at, or departing from, Janesville. The first train to arrive from Chicago since Saturday, was late on Tuesday evening the 1st of March. On Wednesday the 2d, there was another train from Chicago, but from no other point, the roads being badly blockaded.

**THE THIRD BLOCKADE.**  
Hardly had the storm of Sunday passed over before another came howling from the north playing havoc with railway trains and business generally. Late on Wednesday evening, the 2d of March, clouds of intense blackness overhung the city; the temperature became moderate, and before ten o'clock there began to sweep over the country a storm more intense in severity than any which had been known in this country for years. During Thursday, the 3d, there was no cessation of hostilities. The falling snow was exceedingly heavy, and the wind came from the north in a perfect fury. Of course no trains arrived or departed, and business was at a standstill. Friday was very little better than Thursday. The storm kept on in all its madness. Business was driven from the streets, and the wind, snow, and drifts, held the fort. Probably two feet of snow fell on the level, and on the streets the drifts ran from four to eight feet high. Saturday was cloudy, but no wind was blowing or snow falling. The railways attempted to do nothing until the storm passed away. Large forces of men and engines were then put on the roads in all directions. The drifts in the cuts were deeper than were ever before known in the history of the roads. The first mail train arriving at Janesville since the storm, came in on Monday evening, the 7th, which was the first mail of any kind received since Wednesday the 2d, and no mail came from any other point. On Tuesday, the 8th, only one mail was received, that being from Chicago, and no Madison or Milwaukee mail was received until Thursday, the 10th. Trains did not begin to run on schedule time till Thursday, one week from the time the storm began.

**THE FOURTH BLOCKADE.**  
On Saturday, March 12th, it began to snow early in the morning and continued all day with a high wind. The fall of snow in Janesville was probably not more than four or five inches, but between Janesville and Chicago the fall was heavier and the drifts more serious. The railways were again blockaded, and the Janesville accommodation which left here on Saturday morning, did not reach Chicago until the next Monday afternoon. No trains arrived in Janesville except from the north, all others being suspended or held fast in snow drifts. On Monday, the 14th of March, the roads were opened, and trains were again placed on time.

**THE FIFTH BLOCKADE.**  
Friday, the 18th of March, was one of the pleasantest days of the whole season. The sky was clear, and the thermometer stood 42 degrees above zero at mid-day. It was indeed spring-like and the people had cheering hopes that the last storm of the season had been seen. But these hopes were blasted. On Saturday morn-

ing it began to blow and snow with perfect fury. In some respects it was the worst storm of the season, because the snow was heavier. The wind was the highest that had been known for many months. In Milwaukee the speed of the wind was from 35 to 47 miles an hour, and in Chicago the rate per mile was not very different from that at Milwaukee. This condition of things lasted until Sunday morning, when during the meantime some ten or twelve inches of fresh heavy snow had fallen. Of course the roads were again blockaded, and in some respects worse than ever before. Only one train arrived in Janesville during that day, and that was from Madison. In the midst of these almost overpowering discouragements, the railways put all the force they could command at work on the roads, and on Wednesday the first mail since the Friday previous, came from Chicago by way of Afton. The road direct from Janesville to Chicago was not opened until Monday, the 28th, more than one week after the storm.

The depth of snow can hardly be estimated on account of the drifts. In the woods where there was little chance of drifting the average depth is said to have been about three feet.

On the 2d day of April there is a large quantity of snow still on the ground, and in many places the drifts are from two to four feet high, and with the thermometer at from 15 to 25 degrees above zero, there is not much hope of an early spring.

## WORK OF THE WIRES.

### Sensational Proceedings in the United States Senate.

**Senators Lamar, Hoar, George, Dawes, Hill, Logan, Butler, Mahone and Voorhees take Part.**

**The Debate Ends in Wild Rumors of a Duel Between Mahone and Voorhees.**

**The Iowa Farmer Closes Her Thirty-Eighth Day Without Food.**

**The End of the Early-Storey Libel Suit—Damages \$500.**

**The Railroads Again Blocked at Elkhorn, Walworth County.**

**A Thirty-Two Thousand Dollar Fire at Fond du Lac Yesterday.**

**Another Important Railway Enterprise for Wisconsin.**

## THE SENATE CONFUSION.

WASHINGTON, April 1.—There was a strong flavor of sensation in the Senate proceedings. The debate was made up of a series of personal encounters. Lamar, of Mississippi, of the first time in many months, made a speech. He was very weak, and spoke with evident effort, and at the end of an hour was utterly exhausted. Hoar, of Massachusetts, replied to him, and pretty thoroughly ridiculed his arguments. George, the new Senator from Mississippi, and the author of the "Mississippi plan," undertook to treat the political murders and outrages in the State as a jest, and was sat upon by Dawes, of Massachusetts. Hill, of Georgia, went to the rescue, and was retired by Logan, who also silenced Butler, of South Carolina. An angry altercation between Voorhees, of Indiana, and Mahone, of Virginia, capped the climax, and brought the proceedings to a close. Voorhees adopted the language of a quasi-Republican paper, and applied the epithet "renegade Democrat" to Mahone, and accused him of being party to a disgraceful bargain. Mahone replied that no brave and honorable man would make use of such language. Both spoke of settling the difficulty hereafter, which led to wild rumors of a coming duel. It is not generally believed, however, that there will be any bloodshed.

## THE EARLY STOREY.

Chicago, April 1.—The libel suit of Alice Early, now Mrs. Simmons, against Wilbur F. Storey, which was on trial Thursday before Judge Rogers, was ended yesterday morning. The case went to the jury about three o'clock Thursday afternoon, and yesterday morning they returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, fixing the damages at the sum of \$500. The case, it will be remembered, was tried some three years ago, and resulted in a verdict for \$15,000 in favor of Miss Early, which, after two hearings, was reversed by the supreme court, on the ground of non-admission of certain evidence, and was sent back for another trial. After the verdict was read, a motion for a new trial was made by the plaintiff's counsel, which will probably be argued Saturday next. It is understood that on the first ballot the jury stood: Guilty, 4; not guilty, 8. Of the four, one assented the damages at \$25,000, and the other three at \$5,000. The verdict was regarded as a victory for the defendant.

## THE BLOCKADE.

ELKHORN, April 1.—The snow blizzard that prevailed last night and to-day blockaded two west-bound trains on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road

between here and Western Union junction, and its west-bound passenger due here at 6 A. M. between Savanna and Freeport. All trains were pulled back to stations, and a snow plow from the west with four engines cleared the road to this point, meeting here at 6 to-night. Tomorrow regular traffic will be resumed.

## \$32,000 IN ASHES.

FOND DU LAC, April 1.—At an early hour this morning fire was discovered in the frame building on Main street used by John Musgat for a harness shop. The flames spread to an adjoining building, and before being subdued consumed five stores. The total loss will reach \$32,800, with an insurance of \$15,700, as follows: Farwell building, loss \$1,000 insured for \$250; H. Gielow, clothing, loss \$1,500, insurance \$3,000 in the Germania, Fireman's, and North German; Mrs. L. J. Harvey, building, loss \$1,000, insurance \$400 in the Rhode Island association; Robert Fitz Henry, confectionary, loss \$300, insurance \$1,000 in the Northwestern National and British America; John Musgat, loss on building \$1,500, insured for \$300 in the Germania; on stock of harness and leather \$5,000, insurance \$8,000 in the Fireman's, North German, Lamar, and Newark City; J. McKinney, two buildings, loss \$1,000, insurance; Pat Canfield, boots and shoes, loss \$300, no insurance; Thomas Mullen, dye-works, loss \$600, insurance \$500 in the Star, of New York.

**Premature Loss of the Hair**  
nowadays may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCAINE. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay; it promotes a healthy and vigorous growth, and it is at the same time unobtrusive as a soft and glossy dressing for the hair.

**BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS** are the best, strongest and most healthful. Sold everywhere.

## A GREAT RAILWAY.

MILWAUKEE, April 1.—The most important event in railway affairs in this state which has occurred for some time is the organization of a new railroad, which is to be constructed at once under the name of the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie. The new line will start at Abbottsford, where the St. Paul branch of the Wisconsin Central joins the main line, and runs northeast across the northern part of the state through the great timber and iron-mining region of Wisconsin and northern Michigan to Sault Ste. Marie, where it will join with the Canadian Pacific. It will then form a connecting link between the Northern Pacific and east, by several hundred miles a shorter route than any railway now in existence, and is intended as an outlet for the winter traffic of this road as well as a means of carrying lumber and timber to the prairie regions. The principal capitalists engaged in the undertaking are Charles L. Colby, president of the Wisconsin Central; General Manager Finney, and others connected with this company.

## SMALL-POX IN MILWAUKEE.

MILWAUKEE, April 1.—A case of small-pox, the first known in Milwaukee in three years, was reported to the health office at a late hour this evening. The sufferer is the 3-year old child of a Chicago family that came here three weeks ago, the father being employed in Blatz brewery. A young lady, the sister of one of the head salesmen in the Chicago dry goods store of Storn & Hill, was called to attend the bedside of her brother, who is hopelessly ill of the loathsome malady.

Mr. R. Kennetts, Canal Street, N. Y., writes: I have been a sufferer for years from Dyspepsia, and an affection of the Kidneys, and have tried numerous remedies but all to no purpose until I tried your Spring Blossom, now both Dyspepsia and Kidney difficulties have vanished and I enjoy life better than for many years. Prices: \$1, 50c, and trial bottles free.

For sale by A. J. Roberts and Croft & Sherer.

## THE FASTING WOMAN.

IOWA CITY, April 1.—Contrary to expectation, Miss Hattie Denell was living at 8 o'clock this evening, at the close of her thirty-eighth day of self-imposed starvation. If such a thing be possible she seems stronger than last evening. Dr. Lizzie Hess, who called upon her at 7 o'clock, says she appears calmer and more cheerful than at any time in the past two days.

## A Bachelor's Reveries.

Fancy free are a bachelor's reveries, cheerily, merrily passes his life. Nothing knows he of conjugal devils, troublesome children and clamorous wife. But when bones are aching through rheumatism "not to," Who but wife can rub well in Electric Oil.

Sold by A. J. Roberts and Croft & Sherer.

## HOUSE AND LOT! For Sale

Situated on the southeast corner of Madison and Bluff streets, First Ward, formerly occupied by the late Mark W. Sharpe.

The Location is one of the Pleas-antest in the City.

For information call on S. A. Hudson, office in Leppin's block, residence 18 Madison street, or on Dimock & Hayner, office in Jackson & Smith's block.

Janesville, March 31, 1881. mar31dawm

## HELP

Yourselves by making money, when always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your spare time to it, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is to be done, send for our circular, and we will send you one. Address: Simmons & Co., Portland, Maine.

## COMMERCIAL NEWS.

### JANESVILLE MARKETS.

Reported for the Gazette by Samp & Gray Grain and Produce Dealers.

JANESVILLE, March 30.  
There has been nothing doing in the grain market during the past week, which is owing to the bad condition of the roads. We quote prices as follows:  
FLOUR—New Process \$1.50 per sack; Wisconsin \$1.25 per sack.  
RYE FLOUR—\$2.25 per 100 lbs.  
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—85c per sack.  
WHEAT—Winter, 80¢/90¢—Good to best milling spring 85¢/90¢, shipping grades 75¢/85¢.  
WHEAT BRAN—90c per 100; Buckwheat Bran 80c per 100; \$3.00 per ton.  
MEAL—coarse, 80c per 100; bolted 90c per sack.  
FEED—40¢/50c per 100 lbs.  
MIDDINGS—70¢ per 100 lbs. Ton \$12.  
RYE—in good request at 85¢/90c.  
BARLEY—prime samples 70¢/75c; common to fair quality 65¢/70c.  
CORN—shelled for 60 lbs. 35¢/36c; ear 33¢/34c for 35 lbs.  
OATS—white 30¢/31c; mixed 29¢/30c.  
TIMOTHY SEED—in demand at \$2.00/\$2.25 per 40 pounds.  
CLOVER SEED—saleable at \$1.40/\$1.60 per bushel.  
HAY—Timothy \$11 00/\$13 00 per ton; Marsh and other kinds \$7 00/\$9 00.  
POTATOES—good demand at 25¢/30c.  
BUTTER—good supply at 15¢/22c.  
BEANS—wanted at \$1.00/\$1.40 per bushel.  
EGGS—at 12¢/14c per dozen fresh.  
HIDES—Green, 6¢/7c; calf 8¢/10c; Dry, 12¢/14c.  
WOOL—in demand at 35¢/38c for fair to choice clips; 1/2 off for unmerchantable.  
SHEEP PELTS—Range at 60¢/61 50c each.  
DRESSED HOGS—range at \$5.00/\$6.25 per 100 pounds.  
LIVE STOCK—Cattle \$4.00/\$5.00 per 100 lbs; Hog \$3.50/\$4.50 per 100 lbs; Poultry—Turkeys 9¢/10c; Chickens 7¢/8c.

### CHICAGO.

Chicago, April 1  
WHEAT—No. 2 spring wheat cash, \$1 03 1/2c; No. 2 spring wheat cash, 12c.  
CORN—No. 2, 38¢/39c.  
OATS—No. 2, at 33¢/34c.  
BARLEY—No. 3, at 38c.  
POPK—Cash new, \$15 25.  
LARD—Cash \$10 55.  
LIVE HOGS—\$4 70¢/45¢ according to grade.  
BUTTER—24¢/30c, 22¢/23c, 15¢/16c, according to quality.  
CHEESE—6¢/11c, according to quality.  
COGNAC—Fresh, 15c.  
HAY—Timothy, No. 1, \$15 00/\$16 00; do No. 2 \$13 50/\$14 50.  
HOPS—12¢/13c.  
HONEY—Good to new choice comb in boxes at 15¢/18c.  
SEEDS—Clover at \$4 50/\$5 15 per bu.; Timothy \$2 25/\$2 45; Flax, \$1 18.  
TALLOW—No. 1, 5 1/2c; No. 2, 5c.  
WHISKY—\$1 08.  
WOOL—Tub-washed bright, 40¢/50c per lb; unwashed, 28¢/32c; coarse 26¢/28c.

### MILWAUKEE.

MILWAUKEE, April 1.  
FLOUR—Dull and neglected.  
WHEAT—Firm; opened 1/2c higher; closed firm; No 1 nominal; No 2 fresh \$1 03 1/2c; April \$1 08 1/2c; May \$1 11c; June \$1 07 1/2c; No 3 Milwaukee \$1 06 1/2c; No 1 nominal; rejected nominal.  
COGNAC—No. 2, 20¢/25c.  
OATS—No. 2, 32¢/33c.  
RYE—No. 1, \$1 01c.  
BARLEY—No. 2, 34c.  
POPK—Mess pork, \$15 90.  
LARD—Prime steam \$10 15c.

### MONETARY.

New York, April 1  
Money, 6 per cent.  
Government bonds steady.  
State bonds dull.  
Stocks, strong.

### MISCELLANEOUS.



**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure.

Made from Grape Cream Tartar.—No other preparation makes such light, flaky hot breads, or luxuriant pastries. Can be tested by dissolving without fear of the ill results from heavy indigestible food.—Sold only in cans, by all Grocers.

Royal Baking Powder Co., New York.

### R. C. YEOMANS'

Franklin street, Corner Exchange Square, Janesville, Wis.

### DEALER IN

Wind-Mill, Garden and Set Length Force Pumps, Pipe, Fittings, Drive Points, Deep and Shallow Well Cylinders.

### Gas and Steam Fitting Goods!

Globe and other Valves, Engine Trimmings, Rubber Hose, Sheet Rubber, Lead Pipe, Packing, etc.

### Steam, Gas and Water Pipe Fitting a Specialty.

Deep and Shallow Well Repairing. Estimates given and Contracts Taken on Work at a Distance. All work Personally Attended to.

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### JANESVILLE STEAM BOILER WORKS,

Corner of Franklin and Pleasant Streets, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN.

### P. T. JOYCE,

Practical Boiler Maker, is prepared to Manufacture all kinds of Steam Boilers, Water, Lard and Oil Tanks, Sheet Iron Work of every description. Particular attention paid to Repairing at reasonable rates.

P. T. JOYCE, Janesville, Wis.

O. Box, 1047, Janesville, Wis.

### Business for Sale!

We offer for sale the Stock, Fixtures and Good Will of our Janesville Home. Stock is small and terms of sale will be made easy. Business was established in 1858.

All persons indebted to us are requested to call and make settlement of their accounts at once.

MOSELEY & BROTHER.

mar31daw

## I SHALL REMOVE MY DRUG STORE!

Next Month One Door South, And Shall Open with a Complete Stock of Goods.

**FIRST FLOOR**—Full assortment of Drugs, Toilet Articles, Paints, Oils, Glass, etc.

**SECOND FLOOR**—Artists Materials of all kinds and Exhibition Room for Oil Paintings, etc.

**THIRD FLOOR**—Artists' Studios under the charge of Mrs. Cyrus Hart.

I have a large line of Paint and Whitewash Brushes, Toilet Powders, Soaps, Perfumes, Bird Cages, etc., etc., which I will close out at very low prices.

**E. B. HEIMSTREET,**

**NEW YORK DRUG STORE.**

april27

## The ROADS are OPEN

And I am now ready for **SPRING TRADE!**

## FRED. SONNEBORN, the Star Clothier,

Has just returned from the Eastern Markets, where he has purchased, and is now receiving, a large and complete assortment of Men and Boys' Ready Made Clothing, Cloths, Hats, Caps and Gent's Furnishing Goods, all of which have been selected for durability of material and make up, as well as conformity to the latest fashions and approved styles.

## My Merchant Tailoring Department

has been carefully and comprehensively equipped, both in Foreign and Domestic Cloths and Cassimeres, which, together with the assistance of the practical and energetic Cutter, J. M. KNEFF, will enable me to give full satisfaction both in price and fit to those who may favor me with their patronage. Avoiding the two extremes of fancy high prices and deceptive cheapness, I shall continue to conduct my business on the true mercantile basis, "a fair profit on a good article." With this introduction I invite a personal inquiry and inspection, so that you may more fully inform yourselves in regard to the sincerity of my statements, and the extent of my resources. Soliciting your patronage, I remain  
Your Obt Servant, **FRED. SONNEBORN.**

## Be Sure You are Right, Then Go To

## CROFT & WHITON'S,

West Milwaukee Street, - JANESVILLE, WIS

For everything you may need in the Drug Line. They also keep a full stock of Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, Artists' Materials, Chamotte Skins, Bath, Carriage and Fine Sponges. The largest assortment and finest Perfumes in the city. Don't forget when Spring Cleaning time comes that they keep Paints of all kinds, Varnish, Turpentine, Whiting, Glue, Whitewash and Calcimining material and Brushes; also Paint, Varnish and Scrubbing Brushes. Drop in and ask for almost anything you want and you will find they keep it and at low prices.

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## Hanchett & Sheldon.

We will, about April 1st, remove our entire stock of Hardware, Stoves, Iron and Wood Stock, to the large double store formerly occupied by McKey & Bro. We shall also be in the field with a full line of Farm Machinery, including McCormick's entire productions; Esterly's Twine Binders, Triumph Reapers, Standard and Clipper Mowers, Superior Drills and Seeders, Keystone and Barlow Corn Planters, Standard and Acme Riding Cultivators, Norwegian, Case, Garden City and Grand DeTour Plows, Corbin Disc Harrow, Keystone and Sandwich Corn Shellers, Thomas & Hollingsworth Sulky Hay Rakes, Tauff Hay Loader, Harvard Hay Carrier, Double and Single Harpoon Hay Forks, Minnesota Chief Threshers, &c., &c. Mr. K. W. Bemis will take charge of the machinery department.

mar29dawl

## AT THE

## EMPIRE DRUG STORE!

There is Always a

Large Stock of Pure Drugs, Medicines, PAINTS, OILS AND GLASS.

All sorts of Druggists Sundries, Combs and Brushes, Perfumes and Fancy Articles for the Toilet

**THE BEST BRANDS OF CIGARS IN JANESVILLE.**

Special Agency of the Celebrated Jones' Trust. Prescriptions carefully and promptly prepared.

W. M. ELIENBERG, 27 NORTH MAIN STREET, JANESVILLE, WIS.



## FAITHFUL.

A large, bare foot in the hospital;  
A dying girl in the narrow bed;  
A nurse, whose footsteps lightly fall,  
Soothing softly that restless head.

Slain by the man she learned to love,  
Beaten, murdered and flung away;  
None beheld it but God above,  
And she who bore it. And there she lay.

"A little drink of water, dear?"  
Slowly the white lips gasp and sip.  
While I let the ice on your temple drip."

A look of terror disturbs her face;  
Firm and silent those pale lips close;  
A stranger stands in the nurse's place;  
"Tell us who hurt you, for no one knows."

"A glimmer of joy is in her eye;  
Faintly she whispers: "Nobody did."  
And one cherishes the loving lie  
From the heart in that wounded bosom hid.

"Nobody did it!" she says again.  
"Nobody hurt me!" Her eyes grow dim;  
But, in that space of mortal pain,  
She says to herself: "I've saved you, Jim!"

Day by day, as the end draws near,  
To gentle question or stern demand,  
Only that one response they hear,  
Though she lift me to Heaven her wasted hand.

"Nobody hurt me!" They see her die.  
The same word still on her latest breath;  
With a tranquil smile she tells her lie,  
And glad goes down to the gates of death.

Beaten, murdered, but faithful still,  
Loving above all wrong and woe,  
If she has gone to a world of ill,  
Where, oh! saint, shall we others go?

Even, I think, that evil man  
Has hope of a better life in him,  
When she so loved him her last words ran:  
"Nobody hurt me!" I've saved you, Jim!"

—Rose Terry Cooke, N. Y. Independent.

## THE DIFFERENCE IT MADE.

How late you are again, Philip!" exclaimed Lottie, pettishly, as her young husband entered the little sitting-room.

And that was all she did say; nevertheless, it was just half a dozen words too many, and she had far better have been silent. Strange and sad it is to think how often we mar a day's happiness—may, even the happiness of a lifetime—by a few careless words.

Philip did not reply, but, pulling off his boots and thrusting his feet into his slippers, he sat down by the fire, which he began to stir. Apparently he was not in a good temper, and he was endeavoring to make the poker do duty as a safety-valve—poking, poking away, as though he meant to stir out all the fire for the night. At last Lottie got quite nervous, and her tone had lost none of its pettishness, as she said:

"Oh, dear, Philip! what a state that grate and fender and all will be in!"

"I can't do anything right, it seems," returned Philip, crossly; and down went the poker with a crash.

Lottie went on with her sewing for a minute or two. Then she inquired, quietly enough: "What has put you out, Philip? And aren't you going to have any tea?"

Now, Lottie does not, as a rule, like to be asked what has put him out. When his grievances have smoldered awhile in the solitude of his own breast, he may tell them or not, as it suits him, but he does not like to have them inquired into.

"Nothing has put me out," was the curt answer. "And how can I have my tea if you won't pour it out?" And in a moment Philip had impatiently pulled on his hat, and was gone, slamming the door after him.

Lottie opened her lips to utter his name, but no sound came; instead, there she sat motionless, and pale and red by turns, with grief, anger and bewilderment. What had she done? And what had caused this terrible difference lately in Philip?

Little by little her lips began to quiver, and her eyes to fill with tears; and soon she threw down her work, and burying her face in her hands, burst into passionate weeping.

They had only been three months married, yet the glamor on both sides had faded already. Yet they were sensible young people, and had by no means expected perfection in each other, though, being both young, they had possibly expected too much. They had also loved each other dearly, and had no doubt imagined that nothing more was needed to make their mutual happiness. Never, surely, was a great mistake! For the fire of love needs fuel and attention as much as any other fire, and if it does not get them, it will as certainly die out. Many a wandering heart that has been easily won may prove most difficult to keep. Yet, generally the power to do so lies in very little things.

Lottie was an orphan, and had not been very well brought up—having been shifted about among different relatives; but she had a true, loving heart, and, notwithstanding her little resentment to Philip, a really gentle, docile temper.

There was a knock at the door now; but she waited till it was repeated, and then, drying her eyes, she went slowly and unwillingly to open it, for her little maid had gone out.

And there stood Philip's mother; a tall, grand-looking woman, with wonderful eyes—large, bright, sparkling, and, notwithstanding her little resentment to Philip, a really gentle, docile temper.

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the chairs more exactly in their places, and one or two other little things she did to make the room look neat. "Once it had been always neat; and a careless mood had been upon Lottie for the last few weeks, and she had left off being so particular. Perhaps that had been another mistake, for Philip's own home, she knew, was always a pattern of neatness.

And she remembered how now, more than once, Philip had vexed her by going and—as she had afterwards found out—sitting for an hour or more with his mother, and leaving her (his wife) alone. And she had wondered what secret charm that old lady possessed that had so much more power over the young man than any that his newly-made wife had yet discovered.

"Where is Philip?" inquired his mother, presently.

"Gone out," uttered Lottie, in a tone that was almost harsh in its pain and humiliation, and then she burst into tears.

The old lady put down her work in a moment, and tenderly caressed her daughter-in-law.

"What is the matter, my dear? Some little misunderstanding? Oh, well, don't let it hurt you so much. And the old lady paused. "These things will occur," she presently continued.

"We all have our lessons to learn. Tell me, can you, and let me be at least try to help you. I was a young wife once, you know; and I found it was not all sunshine, and that I must not depend alone upon earthly happiness, or I should be terribly disappointed. But there is one thing, child, that I may as well say while I think of it, and that is, that my Philip is rather inclined to be sulky, and, once offended, he is sometimes a long time in coming round. But you must have patience with him, dear, and treat him gently and kindly, and all will be well in the end, for he loves you very dearly."

"O, mother!" interrupted Lottie, sobbing still, but more quietly, "he is very good. It is I who have been to blame, I am sure. Oh, do advise me, and help me! I did so mean to make a good wife, and I have driven Philip away already."

"Do not cry so, my child. Come, wipe away the tears, and then tell me what you and Philip have been doing."

And so Lottie was freely pouring out all her griefs.

Their long talk was over, and though Philip had not yet returned, and though his mother had at length departed, leaving Lottie to wait up alone, yet the young wife's heart felt wonderfully lighter.

"How did you use to contrive to keep Philip with you so much—hour after hour, and evening after evening?" was the gist of all the questions she had put to her mother-in-law.

"And the sum of the old lady's replies was this: "I loved him, not myself; and I did not keep him at all, my dear. He stayed to please himself."

And so Lottie learned what seemed to her a most strange lesson, namely, that there is no selfishness like the selfishness of love—not real love, of course, but yet what goes for real love with half the world. She discovered that she had been loving herself instead of Philip, and that most certainly be the reason why she had not pleased him.

Instantly warned her now that he would not care to see her up when he returned, therefore she went to bed. But not to sleep, for she wished to listen for Philip, and besides she was thinking of a treat which was in store for them both. Mrs. Burton wished them to come and stay with her for a week; and Lottie had been greatly pleased at the idea. She would go, and make her own observations, she determined, and then come back and treat Philip, as nearly as might be, as his mother treated him.

Philip, as his mother had forewarned her would be the case, had not recovered his good humor by the next morning, but Lottie resolved not to despair, and set about the preparations for their little visit in tolerably happy spirits.

They went, and returned; and how thankful was Lottie. Philip was not yet what he had once been to her—perhaps, she sometimes sadly thought, he never would be again—nevertheless, she felt that she had gained valuable new knowledge, which, persistently acted upon, would in time give her such power over him as she had never yet possessed. Moreover, he was daily becoming dearer to her, and love is a great and wonderful teacher.

It was the first evening after their return. Lottie was alone. She had hoped that Philip would have stayed with her this evening. But no; he had gone out directly after tea, and she had forborne to reproach him, even by a look.

There she sat in her pretty, fresh, gray dress, with a rose-colored ribbon at her throat, while her brown hair shone like steel. The room, too, was neat as a new pin, and she had had tea ready to the minute. The fire also had been blazing brightly when Philip entered, and the kettle singing merrily, and his wife had met him with a happy, hopeful smile. "Always have an eye to cheerfulness and comfort," was one bit of advice which her mother-in-law had given her, and during the whole day she had been striving to act upon it. But so far it seemed as if all had been of no use whatever. The first trial was over, and Philip was gone, and she was left alone to reconsider her plans.

But, to begin with, she was living over again that visit—which she would never forget—to Philip's mother.

She recalled the first evening they had spent together. No matter what subject of conversation Philip had started, his mother had at once shown a quick, and ready, and real interest; and a sensible interest, also. And with kindness and interest, she had remembered how very far she had often been from doing the same. Philip, perhaps, had mentioned some subject connected with his business, and she had laughed, and told him not to "talk shop," or he had talked of the coming election of a new member for their borough, and she had listened and replied very indifferently, or, perhaps, had not thought it worth while to reply at all.

Meals, too, had been always punctual at Mrs. Burton's, and this had given Lottie another sharp reminder. Many a time in the little, new home, which she had meant should be such a happy one, when Philip had entered and inquired for tea, she had told him carelessly that it was "not ready yet," and that it "would not hurt him to wait for it."

She blushed now with contrition as she remembered how many such words she had spoken to the husband whom yet she loved; and she began to see that if ever there had been any real necessity for waiting, Philip would have starved rather than have uttered a complaint, but that it was the entire needlessness of all these small annoyances which had galled and vexed him.

Also Lottie recalled to mind, almost with tears in her eyes, how Philip had one evening accidentally broken a favorite vase of his mother's, and how,

while he had been greatly concerned and distressed, his mother had only smiled at him. "I should have soiled," Lottie had thought, and she had said something of the kind afterward to her mother-in-law, and the old lady had looked surprised, but had answered the next moment with a grave shake of the head: "No, you would not, my dear—if you loved him as much as my mother does, that is. There are very few things my Philip can do to vex me. I should stoop to any one else, at times, I dare say, but I really believe that my son might turn my house out of window without making his mother angry with him, bless him!"

And it was love that made all this difference, and Lottie had felt wounded and sad. She, then, had not yet learned really to love Philip; her Philip—her dear husband—who she had thought was all the world to her.

And then again she had gone out one evening, and his wife had looked grave and not quite well pleased; but his mother had lovingly smiled in bidding him good-by, and when he was out of hearing she had said: "If he wants to go out, let him go, dear boy. And may the good God bless and keep him, and give him wisdom always to choose innocent pleasures, and to resist temptation. This old mother would like to have him with her always; but she never lets him see that; it would be simple selfishness."

Again and again Lottie went over all this, and her spirits rose with each review; for she determined that she, too, would follow in the fond mother's footsteps, and henceforth cultivate an unselfish love. And she did not forget to seek strength from a higher source and motive than can be found in anything of this world alone. Day by day she preserved and improved, by day she hoped and prayed.

Months passed; and Philip proved himself very hard to win this second time. Nevertheless, in patience and cheerfulness Lottie continued her efforts, and in his secret heart Philip soon began to admire the brave, bright little woman—more than ever he had done even in the days of their courtship.

At length the last faintest cloud had vanished. There lay Lottie, and nestling to her was the tiny, fat, and of the little peace-maker—Philip's baby son, and hers. What an untold world of delight lay in the thought!

The unconscious fingers of the little child had drawn husband and wife far closer than ever before; and Philip, with eyes full of love and feeling, had bent over Lottie, and kissed her, as she had never thought to have him kiss her again.

And every hour that he could spare Philip sat with her now. She begged him sometimes to go out for more air and exercise, but he would not go; or, if, to please her, he did go for a little while, he seemed very glad to get back to her again.

Lottie thought that, as she got about once more, and things fell into their old train, Philip would spend his evenings out again as he had done for so long. But, no, he had quite changed; and he seemed now as if he could not be at home enough.

"Do you never mean to leave me again, Philip?" she asked, one evening, gayly enough, as she was undressing her little, crowing baby-boy, while her husband sat reading his paper beside her.

"Not unless you wish it dear. Why should I? You are always ready to welcome me, and to talk to me, and you sympathize directly with everything I have to say. You are never tired of me, never offended with me. I know that you wish only for my good and pleasure. Why then should I leave you? No; when I want to go out I'll take my wife with me, or, if I can't do that, I'll stay at home." And Philip kissed both mother and child, and returned to his paper.

And Lottie made no reply (unless her bright, tearful eyes did so for her), her thankfulness and pleasure were too great.

And as she sat there, hushing her child to slumber, she mused upon love selfishness—however unconsciously so—and love unselfish, and the difference it had made to her. All day long now she was on the watch to promote Philip's comfort and happiness, and behold, in so doing, she had most truly found her own.

With what measure we mete, it shall be measured to us again.—Arthur's Home Magazine.

Turnips as Food.

To cook a turnip is so simple a matter that there should be very little said about it. Generally speaking, however, this wholesome vegetable is presented in a washed-out state, so that it is quite seldom we discover its real flavor. Many will, perhaps, say that the real flavor of the turnip is too strong, and this may be an argument in favor of the reduction of its flavor in the process of cooking. De gustibus non est disputandum, and those who cannot endure the full flavor of this root will have no trouble in subduing it. But it should be known that the saccharine and gummy constituents that are removed and therefore lost in the customary ways of cooking, are the most nutritious portions, and communicate to the dish when it is cooked, on what we may call conservative principles, a far finer flavor than the majority of people have any idea of. That we may be understood, we will ask the reader to cook two turnips in two different ways. The first is to be peeled and sliced, and left to soak in cold water for an hour or more. The slices are to be boiled until quite tender, and then are to be drained and nicely mashed with a butter. This is the most common method of cooking, and it has the demerit of washing out the gum and sugar, and other fine constituents of the root, and consequently the flavor is very much reduced. The other root is to be washed quite clean, but it is not to be peeled, or cut, or soaked. Boil it whole in its "jacket."

It will take twice as long to cook as the one that was cut. When, by trying it with a fork, you find it quite tender, take it up, peel it, press it moderately, and mash it with butter. You will be surprised at the difference. Instead of being, as perhaps you will expect, "strong," "rank," or "bitter," it will be delicious, full-flavored, and will contain all the nourishment that was in it before it was cooked.—Caterer.

An extensive apple grower, of York County, Pa., states that he cultivates his orchards six or eight years after planting, and fortifies them with bonedust and wood-ash. Then the soil is sown to grass, and annually enriched with good stable manure as a top-dressing or mulch. Strong lye is used as a wash for the bodies of the trees, and the pruning is done in late autumn and early winter.

It is soon enough to put on shoes when the colt has reached two years.

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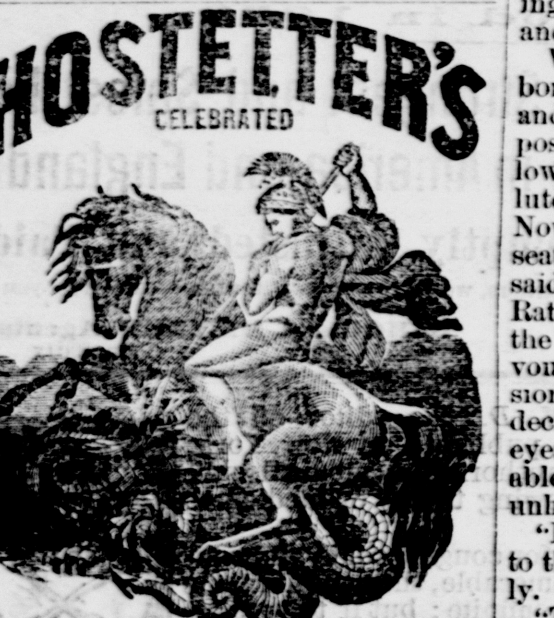
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# THE GAZETTE.

SATURDAY APRIL 2, 1881.

## Post-Office--Summer Time Table.

The mails arrive at the Janesville Post Office as follows:  
Chicago and Way..... 1:30 P. M.  
Madison and Milwaukee..... 7:00 A. M.  
Chicago Through, Night via Milton Junction and Madison..... 7:00 A. M.  
Green Bay and Way..... 2:25 P. M.  
Monroe and Way..... 9:40 A. M.  
Madison and Milwaukee..... 5:00 P. M.  
Milwaukee and Way..... 5:00 P. M.

## OVER-LAND MAILS ARRIVE.

Center and Leyden, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays by..... 12:00 M.  
Emery Grove, Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays by..... 12:00 M.  
East Troy, via Johnson's, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays by..... 12:00 M.  
Beloit stage..... 11:30 A. M.

## Mails close at the Janesville Post Office as follows:

Madison and Milwaukee..... 8:00 P. M.  
Chicago Through, Night via Milton Junction also Milton..... 8:00 P. M.  
Chicago and Way..... 2:00 P. M.  
All points East, West and South of Chicago..... 2:00 P. M.  
All points East and South of Chicago via Milton Junction..... 8:00 P. M.  
Green Bay and Way, including Milwaukee and Madison..... 1:30 P. M.  
Northern Iowa..... 1:30 P. M.  
Milwaukee and Way..... 11:30 A. M.  
West Madison, via Janesville C. & W., including Northern Iowa..... 3:30 P. M.  
Monroe, Brodhead and Way..... 7:15 P. M.  
Rockford, Freeport and Way..... 2:30 P. M.

## OVER-LAND MAILS CLOSE.

Beloit stage by..... 4:30 P. M.  
Center and Leyden, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays by..... 2:00 P. M.  
East Troy, via Rock Prairie, Johnson's town Center, Johnson's, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays by..... 3:30 A. M.  
Richmond, daily at..... 3:30  
Emery Grove and Fairbairn, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at..... 2:30 P. M.

## POST-OFFICE HOURS.

Daily from 8:00 A. M. to 8:00 P. M. On Sundays from 12:00 to 1:00 P. M. Money order and Registered Letter Department open from 8:30 A. M. to 12:00 M., and from 1:00 to 5:00 P. M., except during the distribution of the mails. Stamps, stamped envelopes, cards and Wrappers for sale at East front window from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. Orders for stamped envelopes, with return card printed thereon, should be left at the Money order Department.  
On Saturday night only, a through pouch from Chicago is received on the Fond du Lac train, and on Monday morning only, a through pouch is made up and forwarded to Chicago on the 7 o'clock train.  
By reading this table carefully, the public can post themselves thoroughly upon the arrival and departure of all the mails, and thus avoid much inconvenience to themselves.  
H. A. PATTERSON, P. M.

## A MOMENT OF HORROR.

[From the File, Scotland News.]

One November evening a few years ago I had occasion to go from front of Canada street to Spa Road Station, on the South-eastern railway.

It had been a cold, foggy day throughout, and there were comparatively few passengers. The compartment which I entered--a second class--had but one previous occupant, a stoutly built man of thirty five or forty. He was attempting, with small success, to read a book, and fidgeted about on his seat in rather a testy fashion.

Having some doubt as to the regularity of the trains on such an evening I said:

"Suppose this train stops at Spa road?"

"Spa road! of course it does," said this gentleman, with what I considered unnecessary vehemence. "All these trains stop at Spa road."

"Don't thank me, sir," he said, a moment later. "I only answered a simple question--a fool or a madman could do that."

Here the train slowly moved off, and the speaker, whose face I had not yet seen, resumed his efforts to read, muttering now and then imprecations on the fog and the cold.

When we reached the glass dome of the borough market the train came to a stop, and for the first time I found myself in a position to obtain a good view of my fellow passenger. Hitherto he had absolutely kept his back or shoulders to me. Now he threw his volume down on the seat and faced about. He was, as I have said, a man in the full prime of life. Rather over the average height, he had the broad shouled chest, the strong nervous hands of an athlete. The impression which his features produced was decidedly unpleasant. Yet, save for the eyes, which had a peculiar and indescribable glare in them, the face was not an unhandsome one.

"I did not know that we were so close to the Crystal Palace," he said, brusquely.

"The Crystal Palace!" I said, in some surprise. "We are not near the Crystal Palace."

"The fog has affected your eyesight, my friend," was the reply. "Trouble yourself to look out of this window."

"Oh, that!" I said, smiling. "You like your joke, sir, I perceive. The Borough market must feel flattered, indeed, to be mistaken for the Sydenham Palace."

"Borough market! Of course, it was only my joke," laughed my companion; but there was no mirth in the laugh.

He now took up his book again, and made another attempt to read. Though he fixed his eyes on the page and even now and again turned a leaf, it was evident that his reading was little more than a pretense. Indeed, it was so dark in the carriage that to see the small characters in an ordinary volume had become quite impossible. While he was engaged the train reached London Bridge.

The moment we entered the station my companion, who had drawn nearer me, returned to his seat in the corner farthest from the platform. From this he gazed with evidently eager interest on the people passing and repassing the carriage door. As at Cannon street, the number of these was not great, and we were still alone when the train again moved off.

The moment we were outside the station a change came over my fellow passenger. He threw his book on the floor and rose to his feet. Hitherto I had, being pre-occupied with my own thoughts, given small heed to him. Now, without knowing why, I felt myself fascinated. There was a light in his dark eyes, an expression in his mouth which at once repelled and attracted me.

"Have you been much of a traveler?" he asked suddenly. He was standing with his back to the door watching me curiously.

"I have never been out of the island," I replied.

"Ah!" he said, "I have been everywhere--Italy, Russia, India, China, Timbuctoo, Ashantee--anywhere--everywhere. I have been near the North Pole and quite at the South."

"Indeed, you must be a very great traveler, sir," I said.

"I have never been to the moon. No man can be a great traveler who has not been there."

"Then I'm afraid that, with the exception of those famous heroes of Jules Verne, there are few about."

"Just so, just so! And yet a trip up above this detestable fog beyond the clouds would be enjoyable. In a night like this it would be peculiarly so; don't you agree with me?"

"Not quite," I said. "For my own part I'd much rather be at the fireside."

"You would, would you? Look at that, smell that, taste that cursed fog! He threw open the window, and certainly the fog which poured in was bad enough in all conscience."

"I grant you it is not pleasant either for eyes or throat," I said.

"I knew you would," continued my strange companion. "Any one would be glad to get out of it. The man who would force you from it would deserve your thanks, would he not?"

"There was a light in the speaker's eyes

which I did not like, and there was a movement of the corners of his mouth the opposite of pleasant. While not feeling the least dread of him I was yet not without a strong desire to reach Spa road. As bad luck would have it, while yet he had not made half the short journey, the train again came to a sudden stop.

"Yes, he would be a public benefactor who could deliver the people of London from fog," I said.

"He would, would he not?" whispered my companion, eagerly. "Then I am the man."

As he spoke he crouched down and looked up at me with a glare that made me start. He buttoned his coat and pulled up his sleeves as he whispered again:

"I am the man. I can free you from these fogs. I can free myself."

For the first time the thought now flashed into my mind that I was alone with a madman. I recognized now that wild light in his eyes, that strange twitching at the corners of his mouth.

I do not suppose that I am constitutionally more timid than most of my neighbors; yet at that moment I felt a cold sweat break all over me, and I knew that I looked eagerly on, in the darkness, hoping that, as now the train was slowly moving, we were near the station. I saw only the thick fog and the feeble light of here and there a lamp.

Yes, the man was mad--raving mad. There could be no doubt about it. Only a maniac could laugh the merciless laugh which now came from his throat, as he drew two steps nearer and hissed at me:

"We shall travel together to the moon. Adieu to the fog; say with me adieu to the fogs!"

I was now erect, watching my companion intently, nerving myself for a struggle, which was easy to tell was very near. I could easily see I was no match for such an antagonist. My hope was that I might hold my own for the few minutes necessary to reach the Spa road, where plenty of assistance would be available.

"Your balloon would scarcely travel on such a night," I said, with affected indifference. "The atmosphere is too thick."

"Too thick! Do you think so?" he said.

"I do. Consider the density of the fog. How could we possibly get through it?"

"Well, there's something in that," he said, sitting down. "Yet the effort is worth a trial. Yes, it is worth a trial."

He sprang anew to his feet, and approached me. He threw out his strong hands and made clutch at my throat.

"This is how it began, this is how I get the gas for the trip. I kill you first to give you a start. Then I start myself and follow you."

One shout I gave for help, but it was lost in the report of a fog signal; then we were swaying backward and forward in the carriage in a struggle, which was literally for life or death. The madman's breath came hot on my face, his strong arms held me in a fierce embrace. There was a fierce joy in his eyes.

The foam worked out of his mouth, and his teeth gnashed angrily against each other.

Life is dear, and I felt no inclination to yield mine without a desperate struggle. I tore my antagonist's hands from my throat, and for a moment forced him to act on the defensive. I shouted again and again for help, and how I longed for Spa road no words can describe. The train was now going at a good rate, and I knew the station could not be far off. If only I could hold my own for one-half minute all would be safe.

Pausing in his exertion for a moment the madman quitted me. Just then, to my horror, the train rushed through my station, without even slackening speed. I was in the wrong train, and there was no hope of assistance till we reached New Cross.

It was evident that my fellow-passenger had not heard my shouts for assistance.

Without a word of warning my companion again threw himself upon me, this time with a fury so resistless that I was borne to the floor.

"We shall go to the moon," he shrieked. "I have a knife--we can cut our way through the fog."

I felt myself helpless. My previous exertions had exhausted my strength, while that of the maniac seemed to increase with the struggle. Strive as I might I was utterly and entirely in his power now.

How slowly the train seemed to move. I believe now that it was going at a good speed, but to me it appeared to progress at a snail's pace. And how curiously vivid were my thoughts. I saw the home where I was expected, the kind faces awaiting to greet me. I wondered that they did not wait and mark of my death.

I caught myself thinking how ugly were the madman's eyes, and I even noticed the color of his necktie--blue, with white spots. I no longer felt an inclination to shout for help. To all intents I looked upon myself as dead. I even began to think of myself as a third person, and to lament, in a philosophical fashion, the ill fortune which cut off at the beginning of his career, a promising young man.

Then I remembered that I owed a shoemaker for a pair of boots, and I pitied the unfortunate tradesman for the bad debt he had made. While these and a hundred other thoughts were passing through my brain, it seemed to me that an age had transpired. In reality it could not have been at the outside more than a minute since my unlucky fall. Suddenly as a dream, I heard the madman, who now was seated astride my chest, hiss:

"We'll cut our way to the moon--my knife is sharp. Let's try it on your throat."

With curious deliberation he drew a strong pocket knife, and opened it.

"All right, friend--he!" he cried, laughing. "Now mind, do not leave the carriage till I have come up to you."

"I'm swift," said I, and I declare I did not recognize my own voice. "If I go first, you shall not have time to overtake me; you start and I'll follow."

"Me start?"

"Yes, you're braver, stronger, and you have a knife; you must go, first to clear the way."

"Of course, I forgot that," he cried, almost to my horror, so utterly was I surprised. "Of course, I forgot that," he cried again. "I must clear the way."

Still sitting on me he deliberately drew the bright blade across his throat. In another moment I was deluged with blood. At the same time the knife fell from his nerveless grasp. To spring to my feet, to seize the open wound and press the edges together was the work of an instant--though the sudden escape made me stagger. At the same moment we reached New Cross station and a porter threw open the carriage door.

Fortunately the self-inflicted wound of the madman did not prove fatal. Ultimately I heard that the blood-letting had a beneficial effect upon his lunacy.

Discovered next day, he was a most dangerous lunatic who had escaped from a private asylum.

To my surprise, when I looked at the clock on New Cross I found that the journey from London Bridge had not taken ten minutes. They were certainly the longest ten minutes I ever spent.


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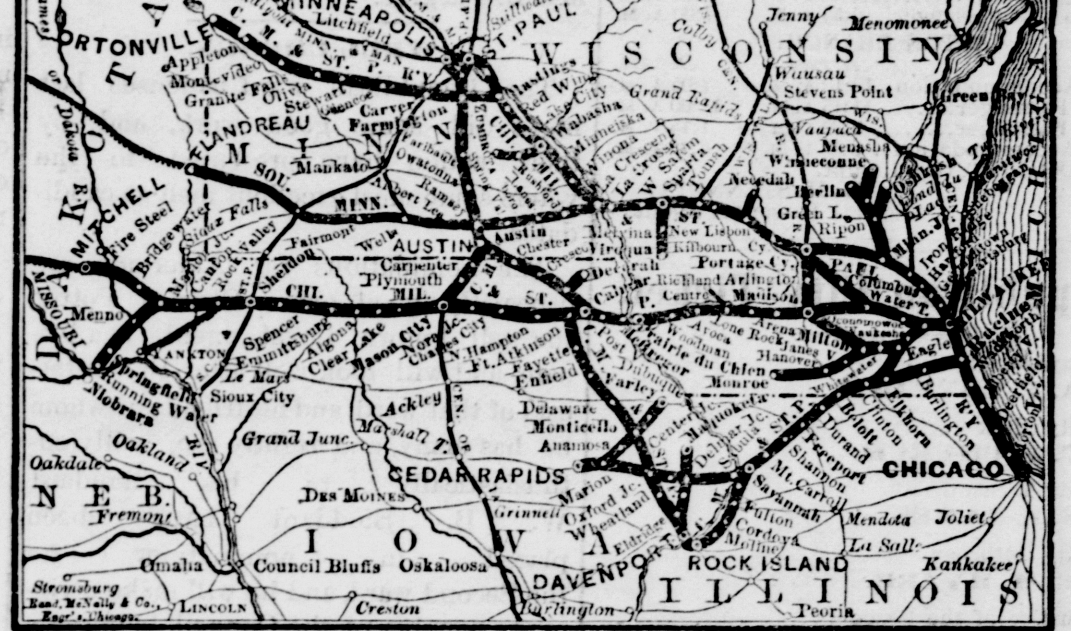
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